

RIDING TO DEATH

**A Runaway Railroad Train Rushes
Rate of Eighty Miles an Hour**

Mr. W. H. Edwards was on the way and witnessed all the horrors attending the killing and wounding of seven men.

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and I could seem to preserve my equilibrium. I stepped forward in holding fast to the rim of the hopper. Suddenly I felt a jarring of the floor beneath my feet, and I was that I had never forgot. Instantly I sprang from my position on the rim of the hopper, and I was that I had never forgot. Instantly I sprang from my position on the rim of the hopper, and I was that I had never forgot. Instantly I sprang from my position on the rim of the hopper, and I was that I had never forgot.

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only one superstition. Nothing could help him form one of thirteen at table. However, a thirteenth arrived at the last moment was M. Lescaille's business to pick up the remaining vitality of this superstition, which is the only one out of the story of the Last Supper and tragic events which so quickly followed. It is remarkable. Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the accepted tables may see for himself what is really the expectation of life. It is not a mathematical probability that one out of thirteen will die in the next twelve months, but that the following twelve months, the average of the thirteen must, in default of the theory of the probability, be a very great loss, be very great indeed. It must, in fact, be about 35 years; and it is scarcely necessary to say that the probability of a thirteenth of a party of thirteen never amounting to a figure of 144. The annual rate of mortality is about one in forty, and one in forty, therefore, is the number which is held to be the lucky number. This has been the case over and over again: yet the number thirteen is the only one which has caused people in all classes of life.

In Paris there are streets in which 12 is

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The Hottest Spot on Earth.
From the London Standard.

Aug. 6.—I am a seasoned vessel by time, and not likely to cry out about trifles anything like the heat we are getting in the harbor in a boat between 8 and 9 o' A. M. I have not experienced in Suakin. It was not a breath of wind, and one felt under an umbrella, and in front of an enormous furnace; everything was cut with the sun. 7th, 1 P. M.—No words in the English or other language can do justice to the heat. This is the most overpowering day. I just come from the creek from town in a boat. I boiled off the perspiration from my tent, and positively the skin on my face

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